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KNAVE

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 12

HOW TO BEHAVE IN BED

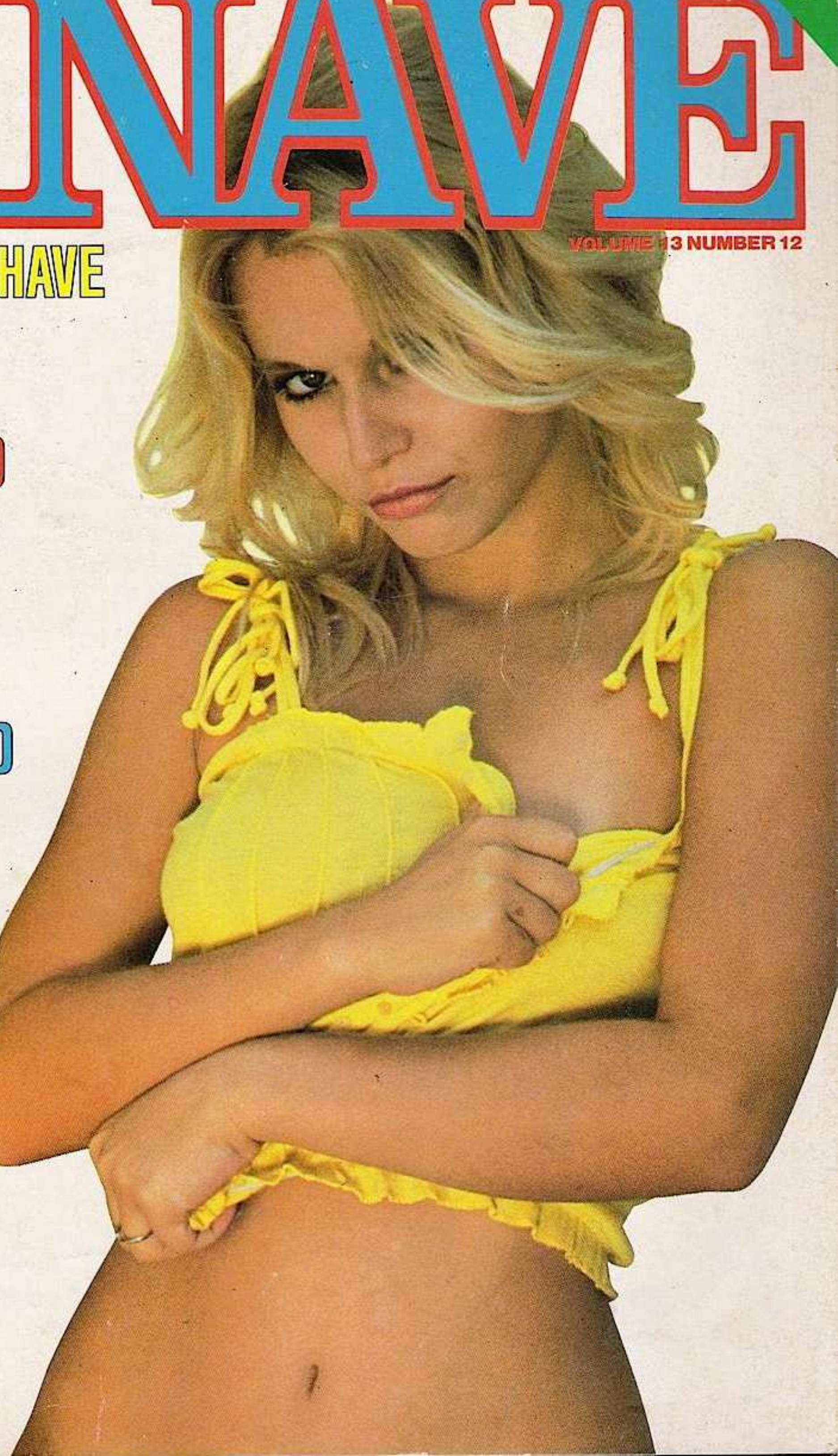
THE NAKED POT-HOLER

AND

THE PLASTERED STRIPPER

PLUS

THE MATURE TOUCH OF ANNETTE JOHNSON



Anastasia

Oh yeah? I hear you say. Anastasia, is it? Why don't you call her Ralph or Bluebeard? Ran out of girls' names and thought you'd slip in a reject from the Russian dynasty. Hell, you're probably right. I've lost count of the amount of lies I've told just to protect some girls and their threadbare reputations.

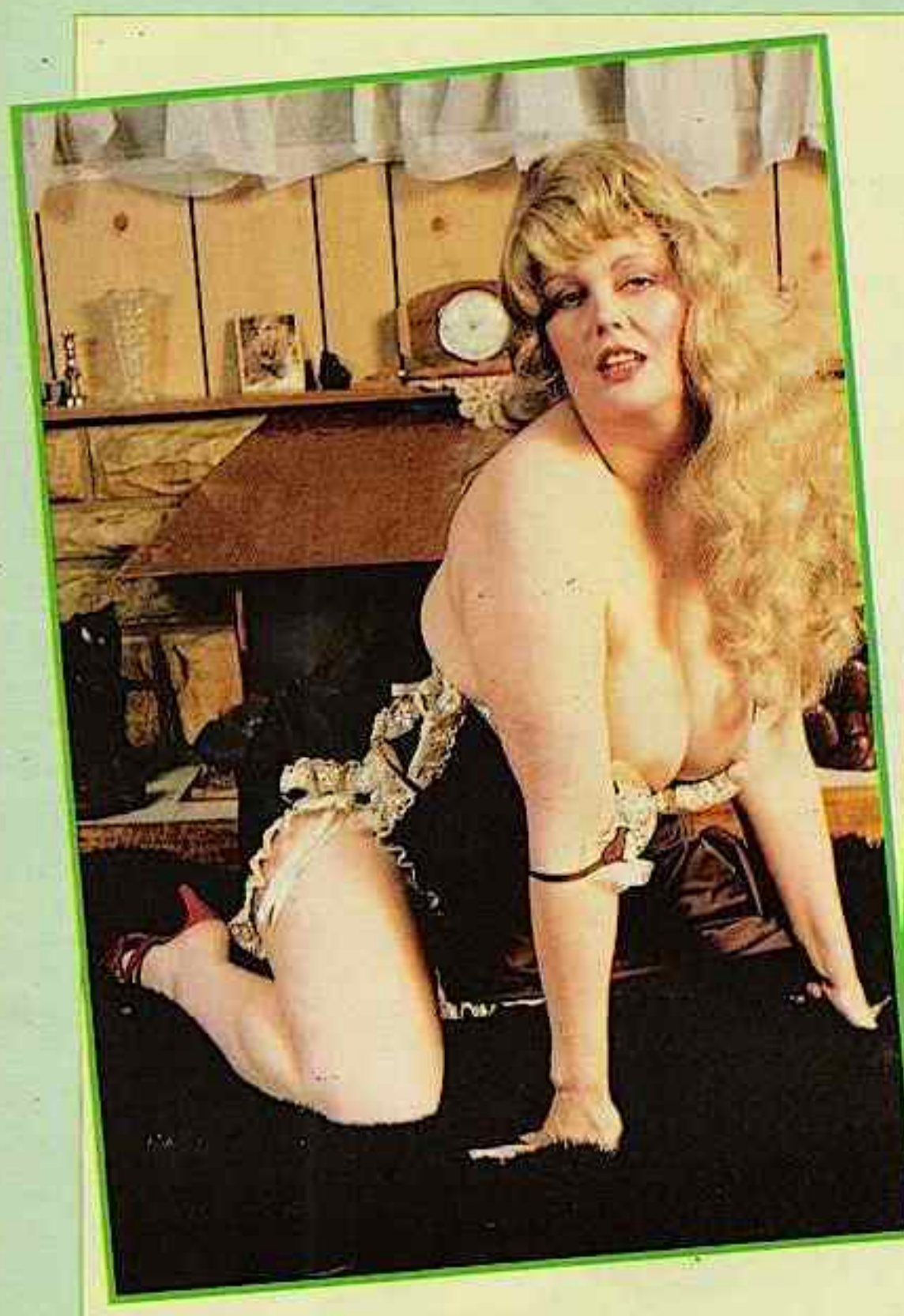
Oh please, they say (mainly with their eyelashes), please don't spill my secrets, no surnames, no home towns, no twats, no fixed abode. And then they dog you, half the time, for the insolational atlas. Sometimes you can't work it out pop into your head.

It's just that this lady looked a little regal. She didn't say much and it occurred to me that she might have sat on a throne once. I'm sorry. But when all the biological stuff is on display, it can be the only mystery you're left with.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK STEWART

From Annette with love

Your favourite lady is looking like the cat that got the cream this month because she has plenty of letters to prove how popular she is. Annette singles out two this month. One for the seal of approval. And one for a firm slap across the wrist...



Two letters stood out from the five hundred I received from you in this month's postbag. One was from a young teenager signing herself 'Miss S', from Lincoln; the other, also from Spalding in the same county, was from a young married man: J.T. What made me select these two letters is that they were cries for help to cope with problems I am sure most of us have been through.

'Miss S' didn't just write a letter. In the end it was a small play.

Dear Annette,

My worry is of a sexual nature, (she wrote.) I have been going out with the same boy for two months and I suppose he's a bit slow. We indulge in heavy petting, but nothing more. Last weekend he took me to the seaside. When we came out of the water I got a shock. His trunks clung to him and showed me what could be in store for me. He was relaxed and I caught a glimpse of it out of the bottom of his trunks. Annette, it was enormous! Goodness knows what it is like when erect. I should say I will have to be terribly aroused to stretch for his cock. I'm only 5'3" and he is 6'4". He has suggested taking me from behind because then I wouldn't have his weight to contend with, only his massive weapon. Do you agree?

I was thinking about telling Miss S that I'm even shorter than she is, and that a man's height and weight don't matter when you're making love—and I *am* talking from experience—but Miss S went on further:

I have only had one boyfriend before, and he was not much good, sexually. That's why I'm going out with Barry. Anyway, I'm seeing him this weekend, and I might have a different tale to tell. I want him badly. I woke up the other night dreaming that Barry's penis was inside me, and I found I had wet my nightie through. I think I am putting words into your mouth with writing like this. I hope when you respond you will tell me what I need is—to put it bluntly—a good fucking. Oh! Hell, there's someone at the door. Must go, Annette. Finish this later...

"I think that is a beautiful letter, and in keeping with the free expression of the 80s... the way teenagers talk about sex and about each other."

I think I would have burned up with curiosity if Miss S. hadn't. I can tell you it was worth waiting for.

It was Barry. He had a breakdown and was towed home early. I was all alone because my parents have gone out to the 60 Club. My God! I had him up to the hilt, believe me, and wasn't he lovely! His cock is eight inches long—I know because he let me measure it! He was so gentle with it but I went wild with delight when he made me come. I told him I used to wake up thinking a man was up me and it was only my own fingers masturbating. He said it was a pleasure to be of service to me!

It was lovely, Annette, to know I could take all that he had to offer. I got settled in this doggie position, as he called it, and when he touched me with his cock a shock went right through my whole body as he pushed his prick into me. He started very slowly so I could get used to it. When he got properly moving into me I could feel it going into my tummy.

When he was finished I was reluctant to let him go but I knew my parents would be home. They had not met Barry yet, and we didn't think the time was right! Annette, I am so thrilled to know I have been properly fucked by a real man. One in a thousand to me, I hope. It is the first time I have had a really big cock up me, and I hope I shall have his for keeps. In fact, I feel he is up me right now, even though he is miles away in his lorry on the motorway.

A happy 'Miss S' signs herself off 'adequately provided for'.

I think that is a beautiful letter, and in keeping with the free expression of the 80s. What made it so attractive was its compelling honesty and homely language. The way teenagers talk about sex and about each other. Calling a cock a cock and not a penis, for instance. So many letters I receive have

professional, medical, or psychological sexual expressions that have obviously been culled from text books, they tend to destroy the essence of what the writer has been trying to tell me. Miss S's letter was one I will always remember because it was about that most precious thing to a young girl—the very first time. Miss S doesn't once use the word 'love', but that doesn't bother me. She obviously fancies Barry, but it is a physical thing. After years of playing with herself and fantasizing she was turned on that day they went to the seaside by the outline of her boyfriend's dick under his wet bathing trunks.

She begins to write to me about it. Then, halfway through her letter, there is a knock at the door, and it's Barry. Her parents are out for the evening. He has called completely unplanned and spontaneously, because his lorry has broken down and her place is on the way to his own house. Then, wham! Two minds with a shared desire. It all happened so naturally, without pretence, that Miss S's first time was great—and she carries on writing to me. Comparatively inexperienced when she penned 'Dear Annette', and, in her words, 'a real woman', when she signed off. I feel privileged to be part of that experience. I don't suppose for a moment that she will marry her Barry, but at least there will be no more fantasizing about sex for her. She now knows what it's all about and seems the sort of girl with very healthy desires.

J.T.s letter was all about one of life's oldest sexual problems. The young married man whose wife has gone frigid, after a torrid courtship. Again, it is best if I let him explain in his own words:

Dear Annette,
You may think my problem is futile, but to me it is worrying. I am sex mad and it takes about an hour to get the slightest response from my wife.

"Comparatively inexperienced when she penned 'Dear Annette', and, in her words, 'a real woman' when she signed off."

We seem to manage it once a week when I would like it most nights. What amazes me is that I could fuck anywhere, anytime—and in fact we did before we were married. A month before the wedding I had her every night, and even got into bed during the day when were alone.

Now she's either 'too tired' or 'not well'.

Annette, dear, I would like to relate one of my randy episodes. I went to bed after she had got in and made a bee-line for her cunt straight away. 'Oh! Stop it will you. I'm tired!' she snapped. I pressed until I got her wiggling about. I am blessed with a small hand. I clenched my fist and worked it round her clitoris. By the way she was laid on her side with her knees under her chin, this position was an incentive for me to press on. She was now beginning to get excited.

I had the horn fit to burst. She gave in: 'All right, if you must!' and got hold of my cock. I thought now I've got you in the mood I'm going to fuck myself to death. What a lovely feeling. She decided to get where I wanted her, on hands and knees, and then on her elbows. That position gave me a full view of her hairy twat, which I always like. In the finish she said: 'No more, ducks. I'm buggered!'

It was worth it Annette, but it took me nearly an hour to get her worked up in the first place. I am not too well endowed. Only a 6" shaft, but the knob is worth a second feel. My problem is how can I have her more often without so much foreplay? It's a bit out of line with the woman a man marries when it takes him an hour to get a bit of cunt after a hard day's work.

If you were married to me, J.T., and behaved as you do, I'd knee you right in the crotch every time you came near me. You refer to your wife as 'she'. Hasn't *she* got a name? All you talk about is sex. You gloat over your horniness at your poor wife's expense, and make her sound like a Victorian Nanny. *Of course*, she wanted to please you before you married, so she gave her

body to you almost at will. But a woman doesn't marry only for what happens between the sheets. If that is all she wants, she certainly does not have to lose her independence these days by getting hitched. Do you ever treat your wife as anything else but a sex object? It doesn't seem as if you do. The poor woman is trying to tell you she wants to be something more to you than a good poke. The way you are treating her at the moment obviously makes her feel cheap, which is why she is going off *your* idea of sex, but not necessarily sex itself! She doesn't want to be just another screw in your life.

You gave her your own name and although it sounds corny, she wants to be treated by her man with a little respect. Which doesn't mean you coming home from work like an Edwardian pitman from the Welsh Valleys, wanting a hot bath, a fuck, and his supper, before going to choir practice to sing 'David of the White Rock'. You've noticed her 'hairy twat' — that's a lovely way to write to me about the woman you married, isn't it? — but have you ever found out the colour of her eyes, and told her how pretty they are? Do you ever notice when she's wearing a new dress? In fact, do you ever notice her with her clothes *on*? When was the last time you took her down to the pub or to the cinema? When was the last time you kissed her tenderly, gently, with love, instead of ramming your glorious '6" shaft' against her, like a demented bull?

J.T. I'll give you one thing. You have managed to make me very angry, which takes a lot of doing from someone I've never met. God knows, I am certainly no prude, or I wouldn't be writing a column in such a lusty magazine as KNAVE, but I curl up inside when men look upon their wives as purely an extension of a pick-up and a poke.

I will tell you what to do. Begin treating your wife with a little bit of respect. She wants to be made to feel special, now she's married. If you put as much thought into that as in getting her

"I'll give you one thing. You have made me very angry, which takes a lot of doing from someone I've never met. God knows, I'm not a prude."

to her next orgasm, you won't have to try, because she will once more be a very willing partner. All that's wrong with your marriage is that you have not bothered to really see your wife with her clothes *on*!

Joshua B. writes to me from Monmouth.

Dear Annette,

I'm 80, so I suppose you would really call me a dirty old man. Annette; I'll ask you straight. What colour are your knickers and which leg do you put into them first?

Josh, you're a cheeky old so-and-so, but a very engaging one! How could I refuse? I feel best in black. It's my best colour, and I like wearing the G-string type of brief best of all. I step into my panties with my right leg and then my left, although when I am wearing stockings, either for a modelling assignment, or putting on something nice to go out with my boyfriend in the evenings, I pull on the nylon on my left leg first, and then my right. I suppose it's because photographers tend to shoot from my left hand side mostly, come to think of it. I like smoothing my hands up my silk hose from ankle to thigh to ensure they fit properly, before turning my heel out to inspect the straightness of the seam. I always wear stockings with seams. I can't stand tights because they are sexless and so unfeminine. I prefer being bra-less, although sometimes I wear one for the sake of propriety. We're still a bit like that in the North!

Please keep writing to me. I won't mention your name, merely your initials — I promise. I won't always say what you would like me to say, but at least I'll try and answer all your questions honestly, and to the best of my knowledge. On the photographic side I aim to please, too. Let me know the sort of sexy things you would like me to wear, and I'll do my best to comply with your wishes, provided they are not too kinky. My boyfriend has feelings too, you know!

Until next month...

Love, Annette.

DROP ME A LINE...

Please remember, as always, I'd love to hear from you—whatever you want to write about. I'll try to answer you through the magazine, but of course I can't write to you personally. Send them to Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT and I'll get back to you.

Devon

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN ANDERSON

I think I'm going to come. Call it spontaneous combustion, lack of control, fate, the effects of a liquid lunch or that extra seed I always have stashed away in a hip pocket for rainy afternoons at the Bijou. What you like. I'm not in the mood for diagnosis. Besides, my gonads are on red alert. And when the score's that massive, you just don't have time to send out the invitations.

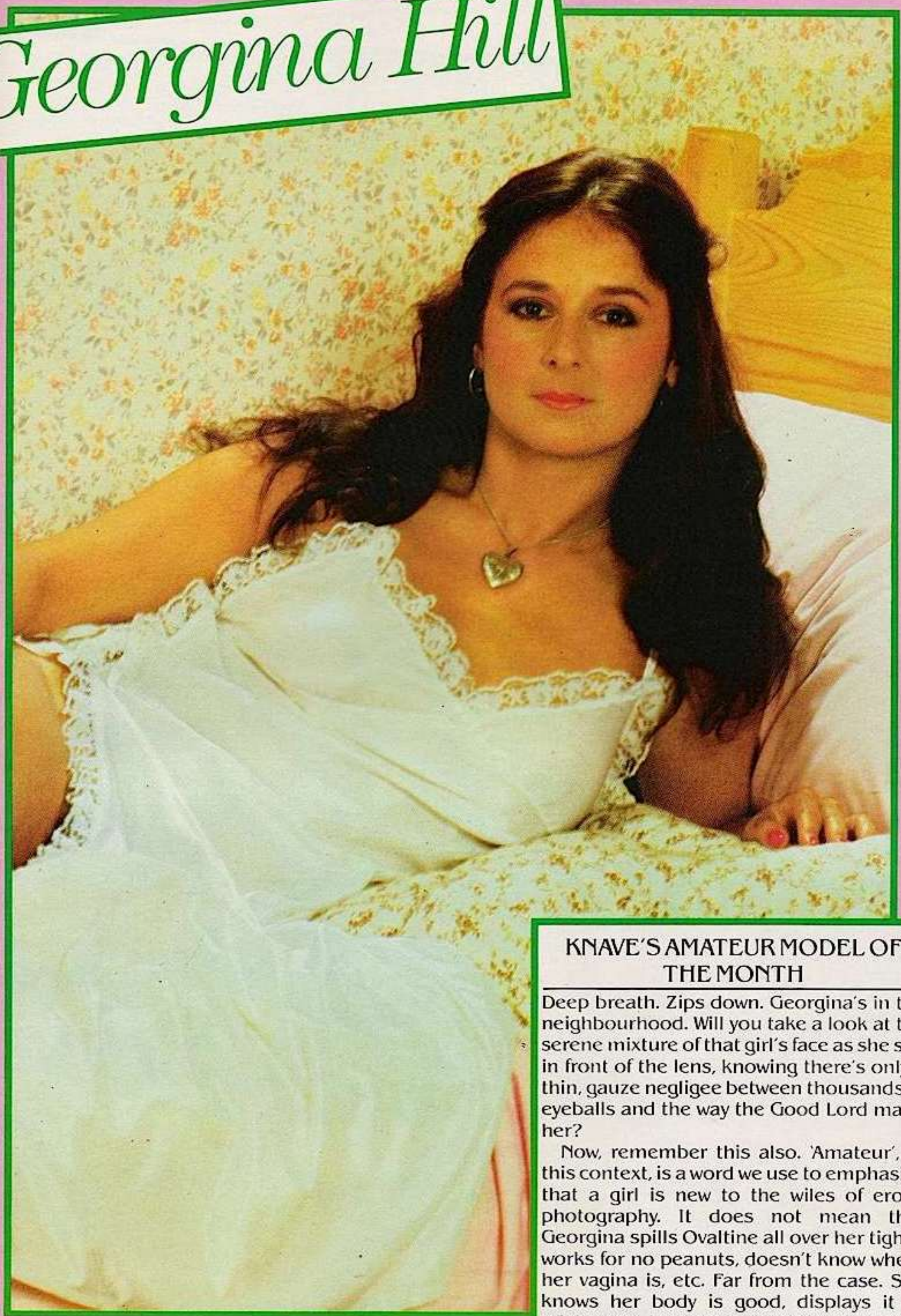
I have to say goodbye now. The party's over. But what a pay-off, these nubile kitten slides decorating my consciousness. I've never seen her before in my life, but to get this close is to know why they named a whole county after her. (Excuse me).

DEVON

KNAVE

MAGAZINE

Georgina Hill



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Deep breath. Zips down. Georgina's in the neighbourhood. Will you take a look at the serene mixture of that girl's face as she sits in front of the lens, knowing there's only a thin, gauze negligee between thousands of eyeballs and the way the Good Lord made her?

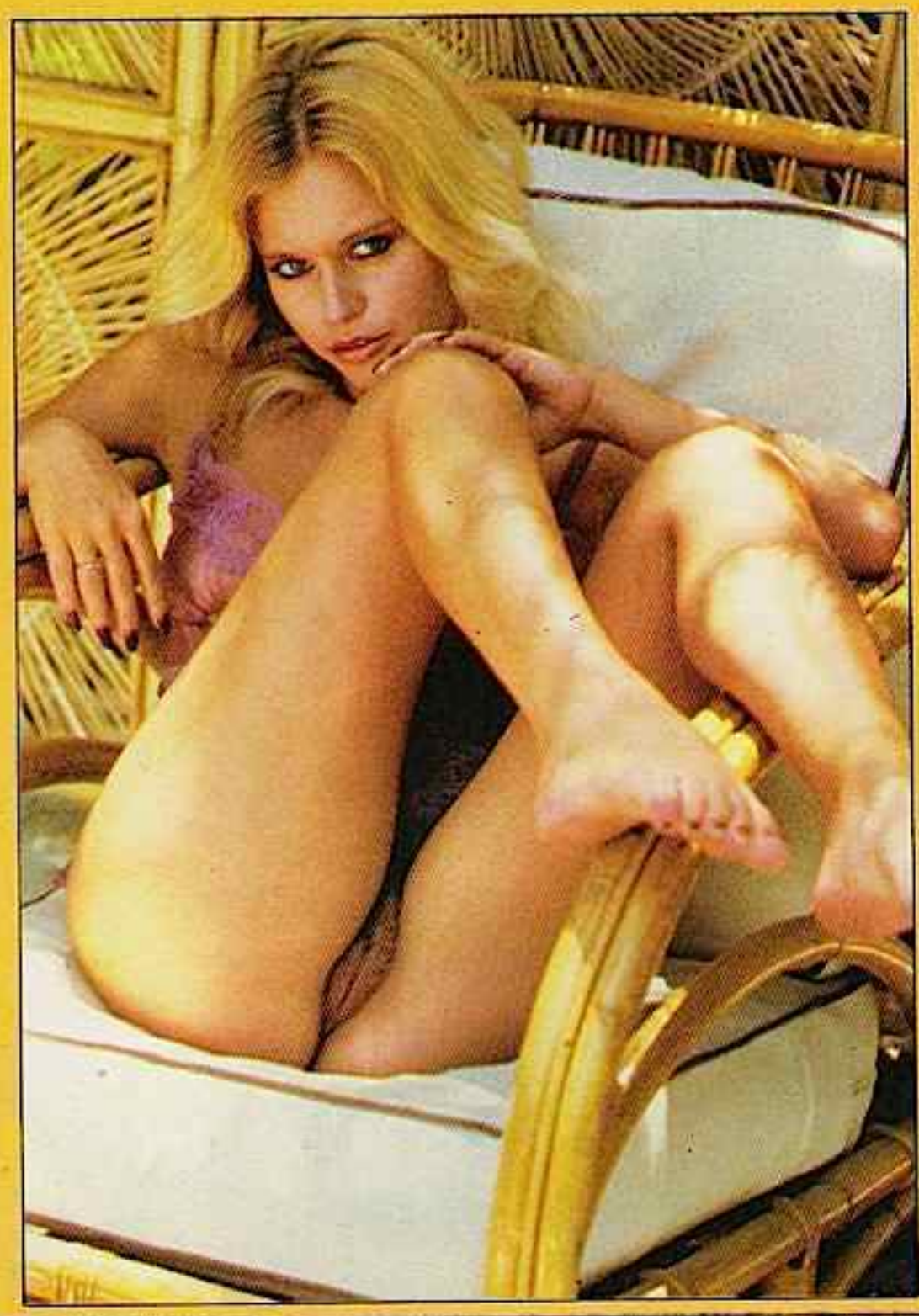
Now, remember this also. 'Amateur', in this context, is a word we use to emphasise that a girl is new to the wiles of erotic photography. It does not mean that Georgina spills Ovaltine all over her tights, works for no peanuts, doesn't know where her vagina is, etc. Far from the case. She knows her body is good, displays it to advantage. I want to see more, but—you see—I have this tendency to drool.

MARCIA

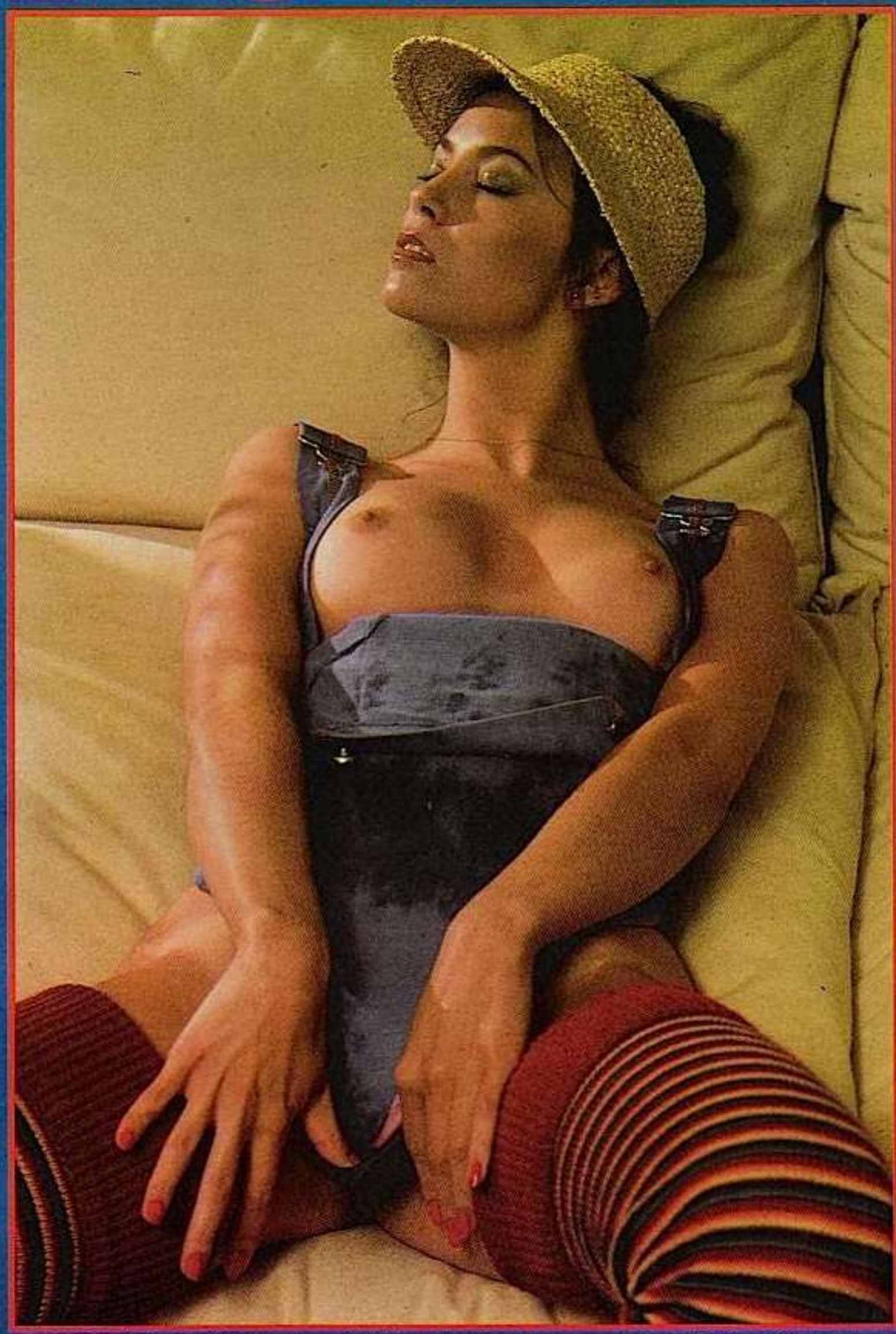
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN ANDERSON

After a while, hunting for nookie in this place bears resemblance to the example set by lemmings when they decide they've had enough and start looking around for the right escarpment. A girl drifts in for shots, makes with the demure eye contact and works up a little pantihose chorus while the particulars go down on paper. (*Name*—Marcia; *Body*—medium terrific; *Whereabouts*—from out of town; *Hobbies*—playing the sitar, golf, sucking strong peppermints, etc).

As I observe this fertility dance in the initial stages, certain questions are waltzing through my mind like: Does she cook a mean cannelloni? Are my loose morals showing? Does she kiss on the first date? Will she slap my face if I lift up her skirt? Some traumas never change. No matter how close you get.



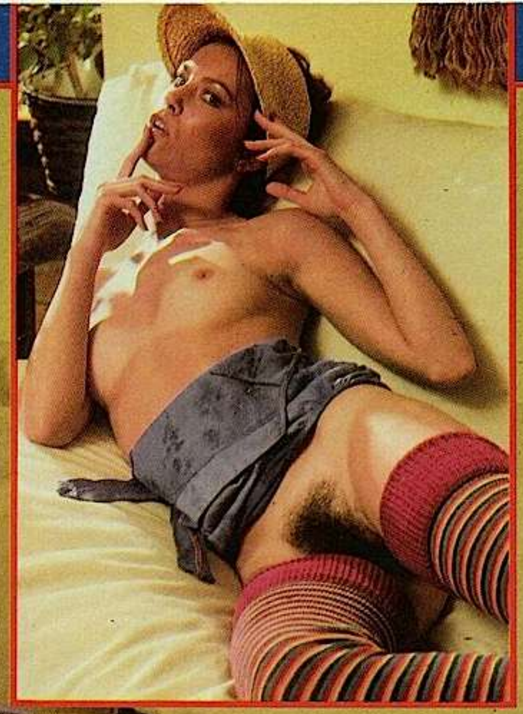
POPPY



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES P. McGILL

I thought I was being smart. (Always a bad move with sex in the office—I mean, *offing*). The desk phone rang. A girl was in reception. Would I receive her? She'd announced herself as 'Poppy'. Now it was also pretty parky outside, and this Poppy has arrived in a pair of hot pants and a t-shirt. Her nipples were, as they say, "breaking on through" the material. I exhaled some mist and said hello.

She was friendly. Lots of subtle aroma. I inquired after the origin of her name, thinking perhaps it might be derived from some new opiate, a real pharmaceutical hit. But it wasn't. Mother was a fan of the wild flower. More data came and went. All very off-key, atonal. I turned the small change around in my pocket, hoping for a full moon. Poppy crossed and recrossed her legs. Let's face it, we weren't meant for each other.



The Lady Undresses

Deep inside a dark and sweltering South Yorkshire coalmine, young Bert Entwistle strays away from the coalface down a little-used shaft. Much to his amazement, he stumbles across an errant young lady pot-holder, who, far from her beaten track, has discovered a secluded little hideaway. Bert, sweat and coaldust mingling with abandon, watches with mounting interest as she succumbs to the heat and strips off. The temperature increases drastically—so much so that Bert can stand it no longer, and tragically expires in a cloud of overheated coaldust.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORD EVEREST